MAIDS AND WIDOWS.

If you love a winsome maid,
Love her, woo her, truly;
Never be at all dismayed,
Never be unruly;
Fetch and carry at her will,
Climb each heaven-kissing hill,
Treasure ev'ry look and thrill,
Do not haste unduly.

Draw your courage from her eyes,
Limpid pools that lighten
With the glory of the skies;
Darkle, sparkle, brighten;
Self-effacement is the best,
Be on hand at her behest,
Go away and let her rest,
Let no mood you frighten.

She is worth the wooing long,
She is worth heart's aching;
She is worth all speech and song,
Werth all fear and quaking;
Bless the white soul part of her!
Bless the joy and smart of her!
Bless the joyous heart of her!
May it ne'er know breaking!

Then if she doth love you not—
Cupid's not imbued her
With such love as you have got—
Grow not vexed nor ruder
Than you have been. Let her know
That through season's ebb and flow,
Years that come and years that go,
You'll be glad you wooed her.

With a widow things are not
Like that. Be not haunted
With vain fears, nor cold nor hot,
Worried yet nor daunted;
You are "it;" she'll do the rest;
Let no doubts assail your breast;
You are helpless—do your best—
Just be there when wanted.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Hermit

A Story of the Wilderness

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN
Author of "Pocket Island," "Uncle Terry" and "Rockhaven."

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

And as once before, when the evening's smoke and chat ended, the campfire low, and Martin had stretched himself on the bough bed beside the doctor, his thoughts traveled to Greenvale, and he wondered how Angie looked and what she would say, and how she would treat him if he were to go back there again.

Beyond that lurked a little sense of guilt at the thought of all the years that had fled since he parted from her in such a tender fashion, and how heartless it was, after all! Then he wondered why she had never married. She was a comely girl, and once he thought her more than that—yes, even the sweetest and most beautiful maid in Greenvale.

Why was it some other village swain had not caught her fancy, after his desertion?

He knew she was an orphan, whose mother had died when she was quite young, and worse than that, her father had disappeared, no one knew why, nor whither, and that Angie had been left without an heritage, to be brought up by Aunt Comfort. It was a peculiar case; and now, as it all came back to him, and how, in her sweet girlish way, she had laid her heart at his feet, so to speak, it seemed to him that one so fond, and so wholly dependent, was the last whom a manly young fellow should turn from and desert.

It was the bud of a boyish love bursting into flower again, for before Martin fell asleep he had firmly resolved he would visit Greenvale at an early date and see how Angie would receive him.

But the next morning all these sweet impulses received a quietus, for while Levi and Jean were getting breakfast, Martin and the doctor took their rods and started for the stream close by; halfway there Martin halted suddenly, looking down.

And well he might, for at his feet and freshly made in the hard, damp sand, were those same claw-print tracks he had twice found on the Moosehorn, 100 miles away!

CHAPTER VII.

GHOST OR WILD MAN?

Martin looked long at those grotesque footprints in speechless wonder. For two weeks he had watched for them in old log roads, along the banks of streams, in the muddy spots of carries, and upon the sandy shores of lakes, in vain. He had found all other kinds of tracks in plenty, hoof prints of moose, deer, and caribou, the oval ones of bear, and the rounder but sharper clawed tracks of lynx and wildcat—but none like these. And now, on a bright moonlight night, the nondescript creature had walked up to within two rods of where he lay sleeping!

The effect on Dr. Sol was almost ludicrous. He gazed at them, grew pale, and with a "We've got to get out of here, and quick, too," started for the tent.

"Here he comes; run, doctor, run," shouted Martin, his sense of humor rising above his astonishment, as he followed the doctor, who had covered the distance with leaps. Then each, grasping a rifle, and followed by the guides, returned to those tracks. And now for the first time, so plainly outlined were they in the deep sand, it was possible to better guess what manner of creature made them.

"It's a gigantic ape," asserted Martin, bending over them; but Levi, kneeling, shook his head.

"It's some one wearin' moccasins with claws on 'em. I kin see whar the seam comes," he said.

It was not reassuring, and both Martin and the doctor glanced furtively into the forest near at hand, and then up to the gravelled point where the stream entered. Then following Levi and avoiding the tracks, halting often to listen and look at one more distinct than the rest, they came to this point and the end of the tracks. Here a faint furrow showed where a canoe had grounded and been lifted out on the beach.

"It's a white man," asserted Levi, in a positive tone; "an Injun always lands a canoe sideways."

"And why?" queried Martin, to whom this was news.

"'Cause it don't strain 'em so much, an' leaves no sign."

"This chap wasn't fussy about the signs," interjected the doctor, "and if it's the beast I saw that night on the Moosehorn, I've had enough of his society."

"The tracks are the same beyond question," said Martin, "and it looks like a case of follow, but how he has kept along with us for ten days without discovery is curious." And the thought of such a savage man stealthily following one up-stream, down-stream, across lake and carry a good 100 miles of wilderness, made Martin nervous. "I'm not going to back out just yet," he added, as they retraced their steps to find their fire out and breakfast ruined. But that mattered not; in fact nothing was thought of or spoken about all day except those hideous tracks and the likelihood that their maker might be lurking in the forest about. No attention was paid to the lake, rippled and shining in the sunlight, the birds, piping defiance to all powers of darkness, or aught else of beauty. Both canoes made an entire detour of the lake's shore at least three times, while their occupants, oblivious even of the trout leaping out here and there, scanned the shadows, paused oft to listen at every trifling sound. The entrances to two long, unused log roads were examined, the stream where they first entered the lake followed back a mile, and the one where the tracks began and ended explored a little way, but no sign or sound of this wild man found. Like a thief at night he had come ashore, stolen up to their camp, returned, embarked, and where he was hiding no man could guess.

When nightfall drew near, the doctor became nervous. "I shan't sleep a wink to-night," he said plaintively, as he watched Levi building a fire, and as the woods grew shadowy and darker, he kept close to the fire. Not for untold wealth would he have walked into that sombre, silent forest one-half mile alone—no, not even 50 rods.

BUT WHERE WAS ITS OWNER?

Jean also was as scared as the doctor. Like many of the half-breed guides who lead sportsmen into this wilderness, he believed most wild animals to be endowed with human cunning and devilish malice as well; that they might imitate human actions, and certainly could hear and understand human converse. He was positive bears could walk upright for miles and panthers cross lakes on logs, using sticks for paddles. He was certain that this wild man who had followed them was a combination of man and beast, a huge, hairy ape maybe, or a mixture of bear, panther, and man. Moreover, he believed in ghosts.

The piratical paddle handle found by Martin, the moose skull perched on the ledge, the night cries of loons on the lakes or wildcats in swamps, were all evidence of ghost existence and meant for death warnings, and when he heard them, he invariably crossed himself.

Under other circumstances this superstition would have been ludicrous, even to the doctor; now it added to the mystery.

Even Martin and Levi, both old experienced woodsmen, caught a little of this uncanny, eerie contagion, and when supper was over, pipes lit, and there was nothing to do but converse in low tones and listen to the night sounds, their rugged common sense grew a little shaky. It became more so when the moon rose, filling the forest with rofts of spectral light and throwing ghastly shadows over the lake shore.

"You might as well turn in," said Levi, when the hour had grown late, "me'n Jean'll take turns keepin' the fire goin'," and this tacit admission of the need of watching was not reassuring to the doctor at least. But Martin had grown sleepy in spite of the mystery surrounding them and led the way into the tent.

It might have been midnight or later—neither Martin nor the doctor thought of time that night—when they were awakened by Levi, who, without a word, beckoned them to arise. Then silently, wrapped in blankets, they followed him to the shore.

The moon was high overhead, the lake a sheet of burnished silver, the dark wilderness silent as a tomb, and as the little group looked up toward the head of the lake, there, close to shore and slowly moving toward them, was a dark object.

Between them and this object grew the bed of reeds, and as it advanced, almost at a snail's pace, it enlarged into the head and shoulders of a man, apparently wading waist deep in the water. Nearer and nearer it drew, while the breathless four watched it—now to the edge of the reeds, then entering them it almost vanished, to emerge and become distinctly of human shape, and without doubt a man astride a log or seated in a narrow canoe but few inches out of the water. Slowly, very slowly, he drew nearer, until where the stream entered the lake, he turned into it, and passed out of sight.

It is needless to say that there was no more sleep in the camp that night, but reclining about the friendly fire, the four men watched, listened oft, speaking only in whispers, until the moon sank into sombre wilderness and the gray light of morn banished the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HERMIT'S HOME.

Superstition is a mushroom, growing best in shadow, and the four, who at first believed they had come upon a wild man, and later that he had followed them for ten days, were now divided, or rather graded, in conviction. Jean was sure it was a ghost, Levi divided between spook and wild man, the doctor positive it was the latter, and Martin still in doubt. To be followed was disturbing; the bold night visit to their camp while they were asleep was significant; and now a creature, be it Indian, wild man, or hunter, who journeyed by night and crossed lakes when he should be asleep, was more than merely curious of conduct. This mystery had piqued Martin at first, now it exasperated; and though uncertain what to do or which way to turn to solve it, he had no thought of being driven out of the woods, or even turning aside. He had planned to remain here on this beautiful lake a few days, and now this mysterious night prowler was there also, he resolved to stand his ground and hunt him out if possible. The creature had apparently gone up the tributary stream—why not follow him?

But Dr. Sol thought otherwise.

"I've had enough of him," was his positive response when Martin proposed they ascend this stream on a searching trip, "and some to spare. I dare not set foot in the woods alone; he drives me away from fishing, and I can't sleep nights. I don't see the good of chasing a bloodthirsty savage who decorates his feet with panther's claws, and who may want our scalps. I've a notion he'd try for one if he caught one of us alone."

Then Martin laughed.

"Well, we'll keep together," he said, "and, for that matter, four men with two rifles need not fear even a wild man."

"Would you shoot him if you got the chance?" returned the doctor, feeling he had the better of the argument.

"Why, yes, in self-defense, of course, not otherwise."

Martin, as leader of the trip, naturally carried his point, but when the canoes were loaded and they started up this stream, it was noticeable that the doctor and Jean, in their craft, kept close to Martin, and not once during all that day's journey did they drop two rods astern.

For the first few miles the stream wound, black and without current, beneath a canopy of firs, the low banks completely hid by undergrowth. Now and then a mink or muskrat was seen crossing just ahead, and once on otter, surprised on a half-submerged log, dived in with a splash that sounded unduly loud. Then a wide stretch of impassable swamp was entered, with here and there a dead spruce rising tall and spectral; beyond this the valley narrowed and banks grew high and rock-walled. Here, too, the stream showed the first sign of current, and the low murmur of an occasional, though invisible rill, gave some relief.

And here it must be stated that in all the wide world there is no sound so sweet as the music of a brooklet heard in the sombre silence of a wilderness. A bobolink circling over a meadow utters a note of wondrous sweetness, but not to compare with the melodious tinkle of a faint, forest-hidden rill.

To Martin and the doctor it gave keen pleasure, for the unbroken silence of forest solitudes, endured for hours, becomes oppressive. Up to this time, also, no sign of what they were in quest of had been found—no queer tracks on muddy banks, no broken twigs or leaves floating down, no sounds of ill omen, or aught else of suspicious nature. And when noon came, and they landed to crawl up on a high bank and cook dinner, it seemed as if the doctor's theory of a wild-goose chase was likely to prove correct. But now a clew came to them, though one that never would have been noticed except by a woodsman of Levi's keenness. He had gone a little higher up on the bank to break dry twigs from the trunk of a fir tree, when suddenly he paused, elevated his nose and sniffed.

"I smell smoke," he said, "'n' birch-bark smoke, too."

The next moment he started to climb the tree and halted not until well up toward the top.

"Thar's an opening, 'n' a little lake ahead," he added, returning to earth.

The information was a trifle, but it was something of value, and when the hastily-cooked meal was eaten, they pushed on, and now the stream, which had grown smaller, seemed likely to lose itself in another swamp. It was now a mere network of narrow leads without current, twisting among bogs of dry sedge and half hidden beneath alders. First one was tried, then another, and even Levi was getting discouraged, when an opening showed ahead in the tangle, and soon they emerged into a placid little lake.

It was scarce a half mile in diameter, nearly round, and swamp bordered for three-quarters of its circumference. To the right of where they entered, and on its north side, the shore was high, and thickly grown with spruce and here also was a bit of sandy beach. Without a word of comment, Levi turned his canoe toward this, and side by side the two little craft drew near, to halt suddenly when within a few rods, for there on the bank and beside a narrow path lay a birch bark canoe bottom up!

And well they might halt to see that tangible evidence of human existence so far from civilization and so absolutely hid in the wilderness.

Then the two men looked at each other, while both canoes, as if sharing their feelings, drew close together. The doctor was first to speak.

"Can it be he?" he whispered. Martin shook his head looking and listening. The question now was not so much whether he was lurking in the thicket back of the canoe, as how he would be apt to receive callers.

The canoe looked harmless—an old-fashioned one of birch bark and not the later kind made of canvas. It was long, narrow, and shallow, patched in many places and must have had many years of service.

We hesitate about landing on unknown shores, and Martin now experienced this feeling; but at last he motioned to Levi, and as his canoe grounded on the sandy beach, Martin stepped out with rifle in hand and led the way up the narrow path. And very slowly those four, in single file, advanced. The path wound around, ascending a low hill, thick grown with spruce at its base, then white birch on top, and beyond those soon appeared an opening, and facing it a log-cabin half hidden under green vines. A smaller one stood back of it. The opening bristled with blackened stumps, a fence of birch stakes driven into the earth and bound with bark withes, surrounded cabins and cleared space, and in this rude garden spot potatoes, beans, and corn, were just growing green. No occupant of the cabin was visible, its door was closed, and as the now astonished party drew near, a dozen or more red squirrels were observed, perched on the cabin or frisking about it, scolding and chattering. One bolder than the rest advanced to meet the visitors with evident delight. It was such a peaceful scene, and the squirrels added such a touch of nature to the wild-wood home, all fear of grizzly faced wild men vanished. If this was the lair of one, he certainly must be poetic of nature and therefore harmless.

Martin knocked at the door, but received no response, then lifted the latch, opened it a little way and glanced in. The interior was neat, and odorous with fir boughs, a few dishes were piled on a shelf-like table, two stools of split slabs stood near a small stove in one corner, and on the bunk lay the skins of two lucivees and a deer, while others hung from the log walls. A few steel traps also hung from chains, and as if to add welcome to the now surprised callers, while they looked, a squirrel suddenly appeared at the one little window, now open, sat upright and began to chatter.

A faint smell of smoke, mingling with the balsam odor, showed the cabin to have been recently occupied. On a bench outside the door lay a short broom made of twigs. The smaller cabin contained wood cut and split and a pile of chips in front—all bespoke this lone hut to be a human habitation.

But where was its owner, and what manner of man must he be, content to live in this wilderness?

[To Be Continued.]

He Liked Pork.

A prominent educator in Philadelphia tells the following story on himself: In his early teaching days he had a position in a country schoolhouse in New England. The people in the neighborhood had worked out their taxes by giving him board, and when there was no vacancy in the farmhouses he took a small room, while the neighbors supplied him with food. One day a young boy came running breathlessly toward him. "Say, teacher," he gasped, "my pa wants to know if you like pork?" "Indeed, I do like pork," the teacher replied, concluding that the very stingy father of this boy had determined to donate some pork to him. "You tell your father if there is anything in this world that I do like it is pork." Some time transpired and there was no pork forthcoming. One day he met the boy alone in the school yard. "Look here, John," he said, "how about that pork?" "Oh," replied the boy, "the pig got well."—Boston Budget.

Japan's Immemorial Clubs.

Japan is the ideal club land. In Britain the club world has a good many class and other limitations. But in Japan the system has flourished from time immemorial, and enters into the daily life of all sorts and conditions of men. It is no uncommon thing for people of means to belong from ten to a hundred different clubs, benevolent or social, all of which exist mainly to give the members an opportunity for one festive gathering the more. In Tokio there are 5,000 different societies, from the Red Cross to the "Moustachies" and the "Pock-Marked," which explains themselves. At a recent meeting of the Railway Travellers' club, at Kanewaga, a hundred danseuses performed before the company.—St. James Gazette.

How a Starfish Feeds.

The mouth of the starfish is the round hole on the under side, where the grooves of the arms meet. The stomach, closely connected with the mouth, is a thin sac folded and packed away in the center of the disk and the bases of the arms. The starfish feeds on various shell animals. If the victim is small, like a snail, it is taken into the stomach. If it is large, like an oyster, the stomach is pushed out and around it. Digestive fluids are poured over it, and the portions digested are taken into the starfish.—From "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas.

Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT PARIS.

From Cincinnati—10:58 am; 5:33 pm; 9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 pm; 8:28 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:50 am; 8:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:40 am; 8:15 pm.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PARIS.

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am; 8:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 p. m.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:38 pm; 9:51 pm.
To Maysville—8:00 am; 6:20 pm.
F. B. CARR, Agt.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI.

Arr. from Frankfort—8:30 am; 3:25pm.
Lve. for Frankfort—9:30 am; 5:42 pm.
All F. & C. trains arrive and depart from L. & N. Station.